

Great Fortunes of Today Not Computed Under Nine Figures

Not Far Behind Rockefeller, Who Confesses to a Quarter of a Billion, Come Not a Few Estates and Private Fortunes Which Run Into Nine Figures—Impossible to Estimate Greatest Holdings—Andrew Carnegie, Senator Clark, Mrs. Walker, the Astors and the Guggenheims, the Vanderbilts and the Goulds Probably Do Not Know What Sums Their Riches Reach

New York.—John D. Rockefeller's fortune, according to Frederick T. Gates, his almoner, "cannot exceed \$250,000,000 to \$300,000,000." This statement was made on Mr. Rockefeller's own estimate. While this figure indicates a smaller sum than Mr. Rockefeller has been popularly supposed possessed of, it leaves him still the richest man in America, although many believe Senator William Clark may prove eventually to be the richest man in the United States. Owing to his great undeveloped mining properties his fortune cannot be accurately estimated.

Further more great fortunes which may be placed in the same class as that of Mr. Rockefeller are by no means infrequent. The great fortune of today hovers around the \$100,000,000 mark. Half a dozen men and estates are rated at sums ranging anywhere from that figure to Mr. Rockefeller's \$300,000,000. Such fortunes are sufficiently numerous to fix the standard in sums of nine figures.

Mr. Carnegie's Vast Accumulation.

When the Carnegie company was formed in New Jersey in March, 1900, as a preliminary to the formation of the United States Steel corporation, Mr. Carnegie was credited with \$86,382,000 in stock and \$88,147,000 in bonds, or \$174,529,000 in all. He retired from business in the following year. At that time his fortune was estimated at sums ranging from \$166,000,000 to \$250,000,000, and his income at from \$21,000,000 to \$26,000,000 a year. His income is now about \$15,000,000 a year, according to a recent estimate. Conceding that his income for six years has averaged \$20,000,000 or \$120,000,000 in all, he could have given at least \$100,000,000 without impairing his capital.

Astor Millions Are Inherited.

The Astors, Vanderbilts, Goetts and Goulds represent a class in which inherited wealth has been preserved and

given to John Jacob II. and \$60,000,000 to William. Both devoted their attention, like their father, to the family real estate. When William died, in 1892, he is said to have left about \$70,000,000, although the fortunes of his wife, Mrs. Astor, and his son, the present John Jacob Astor, are now considered larger.

Although William Waldorf Astor is an Englishman by adoption his wealth represents an American fortune. His father is said to have bequeathed to him a fortune of between \$100,000,000 and \$150,000,000. The present value of the William Waldorf Astor estate is fixed at the latter figure.

How Vanderbilt Wealth Grew.

Commodor Vanderbilt believed in the concentration of the family wealth in competent hands. He left \$90,000,000, the bulk of his estate, to his son, William H. Vanderbilt, and one-half of the remaining \$15,000,000 to the latter's sons. When William H. Vanderbilt died in 1885 he had increased his inheritance to \$200,000,000. His sons, William K. and Cornelius Vanderbilt the second, received \$50,000,000 each. Each of his eight children received \$10,000,000, one-half in trust and \$20,000,000 was distributed in private bequests. Thus their two sons acquired an inheritance the present value of which is difficult to estimate.

In this story of great wealth, two women appear as strangely pathetic figures. They are probably the richest women in the world, yet are radically different from each other. Each is well past the meridian of life and their money is more of a responsibility than a pleasure. One is Mrs. Russell Sage with at least \$75,000,000. She has difficulty in spending it. The other is Mrs. Anne Weightman Walker, with \$120,000,000. She has to fight to keep it.

Mrs. Sage's Fund for Charity.

Aside from Mr. Rockefeller and Mr.

heir to the bulk of his property. Twenty-six relatives were the beneficiaries of legacies of \$25,000 each, which have largely been increased since then. After paying small private bequests it was announced that the rest would be given away by Mrs. Sage. Before the will was filed, one estimate of the size of the fortune was \$60,000,000. This was declared to be much too low. The estimate of Wall Street was \$100,000,000. Other estimates since the will was filed have varied from \$63,000,000 to \$93,000,000. The balance which Mrs. Sage will distribute is said to be more than \$75,000,000.

America's Richest Widow.

The story of Mrs. Anne Weightman Walker's \$120,000,000 is not without its elements of tragedy. Most of her fortune came from her father, William Weightman, of Philadelphia. Starting as a penniless boy in a laboratory, Mr. Weightman laid the foundation of his wealth in the quinine trade during the civil war and by introducing sugar coated quinine pills. It was swelled rapidly by real estate investments in the heart of Philadelphia, including a theater, hotels, office buildings, and business and residential blocks.

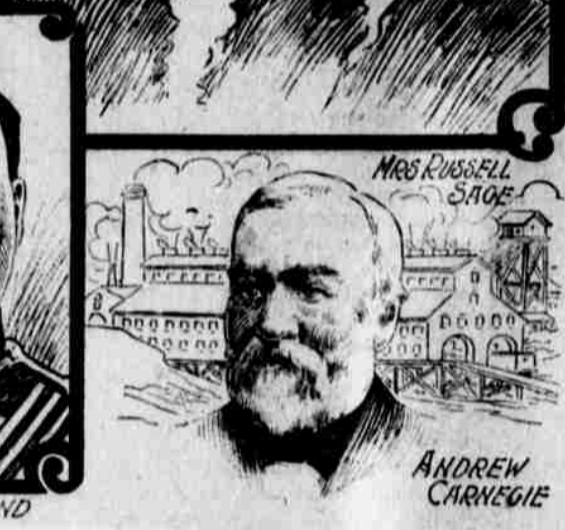
His friends were amazed when he died, leaving his entire fortune, except for a few small bequests, to Mrs. Walker, his daughter.

There were absolutely no restrictions on her use of the money. The will contained no charitable bequests. His other descendants were practically ignored in the will. They were the two sons and five daughters of his

this at best is a hazardous guess. Equally hazardous would be an estimate of the wealth of Edward H. Harriman, the giant of Wall Street and master of 29,000 miles of railroads extending from ocean to ocean, and valued at more than \$2,000,000,000. A man of nearly 60 years, taciturn, secretive, even among his associates, unostentatious in his many benefactions, Mr. Harriman's wealth has been estimated at \$150,000,000. Probably no one but himself knows how nearly his fortune approximates this sum.

Great Gould and Field Estates.

The estate of Marshall Field, the great merchant, has been valued at more than \$100,000,000, and this is considered a conservative estimate. The stores belonging to the estate in Chicago transact business amounting to more than \$50,000,000 a year. The real estate includes not less than 20 building sites in the heart of Chicago, block after block of land near the University of Chicago, hundreds of acres in the Calumet region, further south, and iron lands in Michigan. Of the stocks are large holdings in the Baltimore & Ohio, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul and Chicago & Northwestern. Jay Gould followed the example of the Vanderbilts and Astors in seeking to concentrate and conserve his vast fortune. It consisted chiefly of stocks and bonds of the various corporations in which he was interested when he died, 15 years ago. They had at that time a market value of \$81,000,000. His real estate was valued at \$2,000,000. The net value of the estate was



dead sons, John Farr Weightman and William Weightman, Jr., and three grandchildren, Mrs. Jones Wistar, the widow of William Weightman, Jr., since remarried, started to contest the will on behalf of her children—a suit which created a sensation in Philadelphia society and dragged for months through the courts.

Another multi-millionaire from the west is Claus Spreckles, the sugar refiner of San Francisco, for many years known as "the Sugar King of the Hawaiian Islands." He is generally credited with being worth about \$50,000,000. He joined the so-called "millionaires' colony" on upper Fifth avenue last August, when he purchased the marble house of Isaac Stern, near Sixty-seventh street.

Hetty Green's Millions Grow.

A third woman must be added to this list, Mrs. Hetty Howland Robinson Green, the woman financier. Mrs. Green has passed her three score years and ten, and spent more than 40 years in active business life. She is probably the second richest woman in the country, her wealth being estimated at \$100,000,000. She inherited \$6,000,000 in 1865 from her father, a whaler of New Bedford, Mass. An aunt subsequently added \$60,000,000 more. She nearly doubled it before she married Edward H. Green. Her most important property is the Chemical National bank and her heirs are her two children, Edward Howland Robinson Green, who lives in Texas, and Miss Sylvia Green. Mrs. Green's frugal life, her skill as a financier, her ability as a money lender, and many eccentricities have resulted in innumerable anecdotes that have made her personality familiar.

Millions from Railroad Deals.

James V. Hill, president of the Great Northern railroad, and one of the masters of American railroads, is reported to be worth \$100,000,000. He is 68 years old, and owns transportation facilities covering almost the entire continent and straggling lines to the orient. His rise has been swift and comparatively recent. He saw his first opportunity in 1879, when he gained control of the St. Paul & Pacific railroad, reorganized it, and started to develop the northwest. In 1893 he completed the Great Northern to the Pacific coast, with its 6,000 miles of lines and 1,900 miles of yards and sidings. He owns a superb fleet of steamships on the great lakes, including the boats of the Northern Steamship company.

Several of the great fortunes of the country must remain largely a matter of speculation. To this class belong the accumulations of J. Pierpont Morgan, H. H. Rogers, and E. H. Harriman. Mr. Morgan's fortune was recently estimated at \$50,000,000, but

BOWSER AND ROOSTER

Tried to Teach It to Talk, but Met With Poor Success.

BIRD A PRESENT TO HIM.

It Was a Bantam, and When It Began Crowing in the Night Something Happened—Alimony Question Again Spoken Of.

[Copyright, 1907, by C. H. Sutcliffe.] When Mr. Bowser reached home the other evening he was carrying a bantam with numerous holes punched in the cover, and as he carefully set it down in the front hall, with a complacent smile on his face, Mrs. Bowser queried:

"A new hat, eh? What style is it?" "Never mind the style until after dinner. It's ready, I suppose?"

"Yes, but you have half a dozen hats around the house already. Why did you buy a new one?"

For reply he laughed and led the way down to the dining room. He was in great good nature, but he refused to answer any questions touching the hat. Mrs. Bowser finally decided in her own mind that it was a hat he had taken down to be pressed and reshaped, and the meal had been half finished when something like a scream was heard from upstairs, and with a "By thunder!" on his lips Mr. Bowser rose up and dashed from the room. She followed him, and what she saw on reaching the front hall was the bantam being rolled over and over on the floor by the cat, while another scream came from the interior.

"You villain, I'll have your life!" shouted Mr. Bowser at the cat as he rushed forward.

"For mercy's sake, what have you got in that box?"

"None of your business! It's come to a pretty pass when I can't bring a box



"THE NOISE WAS THE BANTAM ROOSTER CROWING IN HIS BOX."

into my own house without a curious woman and a yaller eyed old cat raising a row about it. By the seven bulls of Bashan, I'll have that cat's life before he is two days older!"

Heard a Queer Noise. The box was placed on top of the bookcase in the sitting room, the cat was lured into the cellar, and the Bowser family went back to their meal. Mr. Bowser was mad, and Mrs. Bowser didn't think it politic to say anything further, and so there was very little conversation going. For twenty-five minutes after going upstairs nothing was said about the box. Mrs. Bowser heard a suspicious scratching from the interior and thought of pet rabbits, coons and foxes, but made no inquiries. At length Mr. Bowser sat down and took the box on his knee, and said:

"There is no great mystery after all. There was a farmer in the office a few days ago, and he was telling me about his bantam chickens. I was interested, and today he sent me a rooster as a present. It is here in the box."

"A rooster!" exclaimed Mrs. Bowser. "Why on earth should he send you a rooster?"

"Oh! Then it is the most wonderful thing that ever happened, is it? If a farmer wants to present me with a bantam rooster, I don't see anything so very paralyzing in the fact."

"But what can you do with it?" "He said he firmly believed I could teach it to talk if I would spare a little time. Parrots talk, and I know of no reason why roosters shouldn't. If I could be the one to bring out a talking rooster, it would be a thing that all natural historians would sit up and take notice of."

"Let's see him."

Lifted Out a Rooster.

Mr. Bowser removed the cover from the box and lifted out a bantam rooster about as large as a turkey. The bird had been sadly ruffled by his roll on the floor of the hall, but when he had been smoothed down a little he puffed up courage and uttered a defiant crow. It was a small rooster, but a big crow. It rang shrilly through the room, piercing the ears like the sound of a saw striking a nail in a board, and, while it made Mrs. Bowser shudder, it brought a smile to Mr. Bowser's face.

"Ever hear a parrot get off anything like that?" he asked. "I believe, with the farmer, that this bird can be taught to talk. There was something like human speech in the last notes of his crow. I will place him on the chair here and give him a first lesson. We will begin by giving him a simple word. We will name him Dick, and I

will repeat Dick, Dick, Dick, Dick, Dick, Dick."

"Dick" was interrupted right there by the cat. He had sneaked upstairs to see what was going on, and the sight of a chicken standing on a chair and peering about under the rays of the gaslight was too much of a temptation. He bounded forward and seized the bantam in his mouth and would have been off with him had not Mr. Bowser made a quick kick.

"By all the horn spoons ever made, there will be murder done in this house tonight!" he exclaimed as he held the rooster up to view.

No harm had been done. The little fellow was game, and he crowed again, while the cat, realizing that his opportunity had come and gone, fled away to be seen no more during the evening. "You shouldn't have brought such a thing home," said Mrs. Bowser as she looked from the bird to the feathers scattered over the floor.

"What! I can't bring a bantam rooster of any other kind of rooster into my own house? Explain that remark, Mrs. Bowser. I want to know whether I run this house or whether you and that villainous old cat are bossing things."

"You know that a cat will always go for a bird," she replied.

"Then there'll be no cat around here. I'll break his neck before I sleep tonight."

Mrs. Bowser wisely maintained silence, and after petting the bantam for awhile Mr. Bowser got in better temper and observed:

"As I said at the beginning, I should like to make an experiment on this bird. I see no reason why he shouldn't learn to talk. He looks ten times as bright as any parrot I ever saw. If a dumb headed old parrot can chatter, this rooster ought to be able to deliver an oration."

"But has a rooster the same sort of tongue as a parrot?"

Mrs. Bowser Doubtful. "It is to be presumed so. Why should nature give them different tongues? An American has the same sort of tongue as a Chinaman, hasn't he?"

"Well, you can experiment, and I wish you luck. I'll see that the cat is turned outdoors, and you can leave your rooster in the box for the night."

Half an hour later the Bowser went upstairs to bed. Mr. Bowser had taken on a deep scientific interest in the rooster question, and he was repeating the name Dick, Dick, Dick to himself when he fell asleep. Two hours later Mrs. Bowser awoke him with a nudge and the exclamation:

"For the land's sake, get up! Don't you hear that queer noise?"

"What is it?" he asked as he sat up.

"It's either that all the water pipes downstairs have burst or the furnace is getting ready to blow up."

Three minutes later he was downstairs, and the mystery was solved. The noise was the bantam rooster crowing in his box. He crowed as Mr. Bowser stood and looked at the box, and he crowed as the cover was taken off. It was a crow so shrill that it stopped pedestrians on the street.

"What is it?" called Mrs. Bowser over the banister. "Don't you know that people are stopping at the gate?"

"It's this infernal little rooster! There he goes again! By John, who ever heard of a rooster crowing at this hour of the night?"

"Perhaps he's learning to talk."

"And perhaps you get back into bed and stay there!"

Crow Awoke Bowser.

There was another long, shrill crow from the bantam, and then Mr. Bowser's fingers grasped his neck, and the crow died away in a gurgle. The bird was dead before the front door was reached, and the three or four men at the gate caught sight of a man on the front steps as he gave the corpse a fling into their midst. Then the door banged, and they said to each other:

"It's a rooster, and he must have brought the old man down with his crowing, but he didn't give the little fellow a fair show."

At the same time, upstairs in the house, Mr. Bowser was saying to Mrs. Bowser:

"I understand just how this thing came about. You sneaked down while I was asleep and stuck a hatpin into that poor bird. In the morning, Mrs. Bowser—in the morning we will consult our respective lawyers and fix the amount of alimony."

At the Club.

Little Smith—Some clumsy idiot has sat on my new hat.

Jones—I say, old chap, it's lucky you weren't in it.—Tatler.

Going Her One Better.

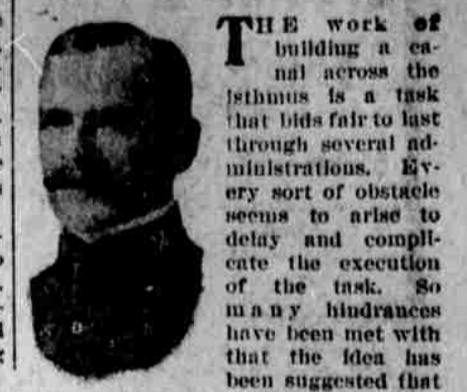
Housemaid—The postman brings me a letter from my young man every day with heaps of kisses in it. Isn't it lovely?

Cook—Yes, but it's much nicer for me. The postman is my young man, and every day he kisses me himself.—Missendoff's Blatter.

Goethals, the New Canal Chief

Career of the Army Officer Who Succeeds John F. Stevens as Chief Engineer

Many Obstacles That Have Delayed Work.



MAJOR GAILLARD.

THE work of building a canal across the isthmus is a task that bids fair to last through several administrations. Every sort of obstacle seems to arise to delay and complicate the execution of the task. So many hindrances have been met with that the idea has been suggested that railway influences antagonistic to the canal project have been at work to cause demoralization in the ranks of the canal forces. E. H. Harriman recently issued a statement denying that any transcontinental lines with which he has to do have taken any action the purpose of which was to delay legislation or work favorable to the construction of the canal. It remains a fact, however, that several men upon whom the government has relied in the prosecution of its great project did not stay "on the job," but allowed themselves to be enticed away by transportation corporations through the offer of better salaries than the government provided. There have been many difficulties, too, connected with the question of whether the actual digging of the ditch should be done by contractors or government officials.

Now that the federal government has rejected the contract plan for the construction of the Panama canal and decided on doing the work itself, giving the task of supervision to the officers of the corps of engineers of the army, the spotlight has been directed on Lieutenant Colonel Goethals of this branch of the service. Secretary Taft selected him as the officer best qualified by experience to be chief engineer of the canal and take up the duties which for some months past have been in the hands of John F. Stevens. Colonel Goethals has already handled success-



COLONEL GEORGE W. GOETHALS.

fully some of the weightiest engineering problems that have been presented to his profession during the present generation. He was born in New York in 1858 and became a cadet at the West Point military academy in 1876, graduating in 1880 as the second ranking member of his class. An interesting circumstance in connection with his graduation was his rivalry with O. M. Carter, afterward captain in the engineer corps, who was dismissed from the army as a result of his peccadilloes in the work of the river and harbor improvements at Savannah, Ga. It was a race for first place between Carter and Goethals, and the former won, only to end his career in the Fort Leavenworth military penitentiary.

During the Spanish war Colonel Goethals served as lieutenant colonel of volunteers and was chief engineer of the first army corps, remaining on this duty until October, 1898, when he was assigned to the West Point academy as instructor in engineering. Recently he has been on duty in Washington as a member of the general staff of the army. He has had much experience in canal construction, and one of his most important tasks of this kind was the improvement of the Tennessee river below Chattanooga, involving the building of a canal about fifteen miles in length under circumstances of peculiar difficulty.

He has been appointed a member of the Isthmian canal commission.

Major David DuBois Gaillard is first assistant to Colonel Goethals and has also been made a member of the Isthmian canal commission. He was born in South Carolina in 1859 and graduated in 1881 from the United States Military academy at West Point. He is a graduate of the Engineer School of Application as well. He was one of the commissioners on the Mexican boundary survey and was later in charge of the apportionment work in Washington. He was colonel of the Third volunteer engineers and was in charge of the breakwaters and dredging at Puget until he became a member of the general staff.

